



Selected for the *Lady's Miscellany*.

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BATHMENDI.

A Persian tale.

UNDER the reign of one of the monarchs of Persia, a merchant of Balsora, by some unfortunate speculations, was nearly ruined. He gathered the wreck of his fortune, and retired to the province of Kousistan. There he purchased an humble cottage, and a small tract of land, which he but ill cultivated, because he still regretted the time when all his wishes were amply gratified, without the aid of labour. Grief shortened the tide of life, he felt the last ebb fast approaching, and calling his four sons around him, he said to them, "My children, I have nothing to bestow on you but this cottage, and the knowledge of a secret which, till the present moment, I would not reveal. In the time of my prosperity the genius Abzim was my friend; he gave me his promise that when I was no more he would be your protector, and share amongst you a treasure. This genius inhabits the great forest of Kom. Go seek him; remind him of his promise, but be far from be-

lieving——." Death would not allow him to conclude.

The merchants four sons, after having wept and buried their father journeyed towards the forest of Kom. When arrived, they enquired for Abzim's residence, and were soon directed to it, as he was generally known; all those that went to him met with a kind reception, he listened to their complaints, consoled them, and lent them money when they needed it. But his kindness was bestowed only on one condition—what he advised must be blindly followed. This was his command, and no one was admitted into his palace before having vowed implicit obedience.

This oath did not intimidate the three elder brothers; but the fourth, who was named Selim, conceived this ceremony very ridiculous. Still he must enter to receive the treasure; he swore as his brother did; but reflecting on the dangerous consequences which might attend this indiscreet vow, and remembering that his father, whose life had been a series of follies, often visited Abzim's palace, he wished, without violating his oath, to guard against all danger; and to effect this, while he was

conducted to the genius, he stopped both his ears with odoriferous wax ; armed with this precaution he knelt before the throne of Abzim.

Abzim raised the four sons of his late friend, embraced them, spoke to them of their father, and while shedding tears to his memory, ordered a large coffer to be brought to him, which, upon being opened, was discovered to be filled with dariques. "This," said he, "is the treasure which I have destined for you ; I am going to divide it into four equal parts, and then I will tell each of you the road he must pursue to attain the summit of happiness.

Selim heard nothing ; but he observed the genius with attention, and thought he discovered in his eyes and countenance an expression of cunning and malignity that gave him much suspicion. However he received with gratitude his share of the treasure. Abzim, after having thus enriched them, assuming an affectionate air, said, "My dear children, your happiness or misery depend on your meeting, sooner or later, a certain being named Bathmendi, of whom every one speaks, but very few are acquainted with." All happy mortals slowly seek him ; I am your sincere friend, and well whisper in the ear of each of you where he will be able to find Bathmendi." At these words Abzim took Bekir, the eldest of the brothers, apart ; "My son," said he, "nature has endowed you with courage, and

great warlike talents ; the King of Persia is sending an army against the Turks ; join this army. It is in the Persian camp where you may find Bathmendi."

Abzim beckoned the second son to approach ; it was Mesrou : "You have wit," said he, "dexterity, and a great disposition to tell lies ; take the road to Ispahan, it is at Court you should seek Bathmendi."

He called the third brother, who was named Omir : "You," said he, "are endowed with a teeming and lively imagination, you regard objects, not as they really are, but as you wish them to be ; you have often genius, but seldom common sense ; you will become a poet ; take the road to Agra ; it is among the wits and beauties of that town that you may find Bathmendi.

Selim advanced in his turn, and thanks to the wax in his ears, heard not a word of what Abzim said. It has been since known that he advised him to become a Dervise.

The four brothers, after thanking the beneficent genius, returned to their habitation. The three eldest dreamed but of Bathmendi ; Selim took the wax from his ears, and heard them arrange their departure, and propose selling their little house to the first bidder, that they might share the profit arising from it. Selim asked to become the purchaser ; this they readily agreed to : the house and field were valued, and he paid what was coming to each

of his brothers, wished them much prosperity, embraced them tenderly, and remained alone under the paternal roof.

It was then he wished to execute a project he had long thought of. He loved the young Amina, daughter of a neighbouring peasant. Beauty and wisdom had lavished their choicest gifts upon Amina. She took care of her father's house, watched attentively over his declining years, and only asked of God two things—that her father might long be spared, and that she might become the wife of Selim. Her wishes were granted. Selim asked her hand, and obtained it. Amina's father consented to live with his beloved child, and taught Selim how to cultivate the earth to advantage. Selim had still a little gold remaining, which was employed in improving his estate, and purchasing a flock of sheep paid their tribute of wool, abundance reigned in his house, and as he was laborious, and his wife economical, each year augmented their revenue. Amina annually presented him with a pledge of their mutual love; children who impoverish the wealthy sons of idleness, enrich the industrious cultivator of the fields. In seven years Selim was the father of seven blooming children, blessed with an amiable and virtuous wife, a wise and affectionate father-in-law, master of numerous slaves, and possessor of two flocks, he was the happiest and wealthiest farmer of all Kousistan.

Meanwhile his three brothers were running after Bathmendi.—Bekir, on arriving at the Persian camp, had presented himself before the Grand Vizir, and begged to be enrolled in the corps most exposed to danger.

His figure and courage pleased the Vizir, who admitted him into a troop of cavalry. A few days after the battle took place; it was bloody. Bekir wrought miracles, he saved the life of his general, and took prisoner the enemy's chief. Every one echoed Bekir's praises; each soldier called him the hero of Persia; and the grateful Vizir raised him to the rank of Officer General. "Abzim was right," thought Bekir, "it was here that fortune awaits me; all fortels that I shall soon meet Bathmendi."

Bekir's success, and particular his elevation, excited in the breasts of the Satrapes envy and murmuring. Some came to ask news of his father, and complained of having their debts compromised in his bankruptcy; others pretended that his mother had been their slave; and all refused to serve under him, because they were his seniors.

Bekir, unhappy even by his successes, lived solitary, always on his guard, always expecting some outrage, which he could avenge, but not prevent; he regretted the time when he was only a simple soldier, and waited with impatience for the termination of the war, when the turks, with a

fresh reinforcements, and commanded by a new general, came and attacked Bekir's division.

The Satrapes had long wished for this opportunity, and employed a hundred times more skill to have their general defeated, than they had in the whole course of their lives displayed to defend themselves. Bekir fought like a lion, but he was neither obeyed nor seconded. The Persian soldiers vainly resisted, their officers guided, and only prompted them to flight. The brave Bekir, abandoned, covered with wounds, sunk under the weight of them, and was taken by the Janissaries. The Turkish general was base enough to have him loaded with irons, as he could bare them, and sent him Constantinople, where he was thrown into a dungeon.

"Alas!" exclaimed he, "I begin to fear that Abzim has deceived me, for I cannot hope here to meet Bathmendi."

The war lasted fifteen years, and the Satrapes always prevented Bekir's being exchanged. Peace at length restored him his liberty; he immediately returned to Ispahan, and sought his friend the Vizier, whose life he had saved. It was three weeks before he could gain access to him; at the expiration of this time he obtained an audience. Fifteen years imprisonment had grately altered a handsome young man. Bekir was scarcely to be recognized, and the Vizer did not remember him; at last, on recalling the many glo-

rious epochs of his life, he remembered that Bekir had formerly rendered him a trifling service. "Yes, yes, my friend," said he, "I remember you; you are a brave fellow; but the state is loaded with debts, a long war and great festivals have exhausted our finances; however, call again, I will try, I will see, I will see."—"But I am in want of bread, and for three weeks have sought the opportunity of speaking to your Highness. I should have died with hunger, if an old soldier, my former comrade, had not shared with me his pay." "This soldier's conduct is much to be commanded," answered the Vizir, "it is truly affecting; I will relate it to the King; return to see me, you know I esteem you." Saying these words he turned his back on Bekir, who called the next day, but could not obtain an audience; in despair he quitted the palace, resolving never to enter it again.

He travelled on till he came to the river Zondron; overcome with fatigue he fell at the foot of a tree; there he reflected on the ingratitude of Viziers, and on all the troubles he had experienced, on those which still menaced him, and being no longer able to support his wretched existence, he arose with the intention of precipitating himself into the river. But just as he had reached it, he found himself closely encircled in the arms of a mendicant, who bathed his face with tears, and sobbing cried, "It is my brother, it is my

brother Bekir!" Bekir looked, and recognized Mesrou.

Doubtless every man feels pleasure in meeting a long lost brother; but a wretched being without resources, without friends, and in despair on the point of hastening his fate, thinks he beholds an angel descending from heaven, in seeing a beloved brother. These were the sentiments Bekir and Mesrou experienced; they clasped each other in their arms, and melted into tears; and after having a few moments to affection, they regarded each other with looks of surprise and affliction.—“You are then as miserable as myself,” cried Bekir, “This is the first moment of happiness I have felt,” answered Mesrou, “since we parted.” At these words the unfortunate brothers again embraced; and Mesrou, seated beside Bekir, thus commenced his history:—

[To be continued.]

For the Lady's Miscellany.

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING read the sad tale of the unfortunate object of the ensuing reflections, I could not refrain from snatching the pen of sympathy, and dropping the tear of pity in unison with the regret of thousands, for the distresses of exalted genius.

ARATUS.

REFLECTIONS UPON THE CHARACTER OF THOMAS DERMODY, THE YOUTHFUL BARD OF IRELAND.

It is a singular and melancholy truth that mankind have suffered penury and want to become the constant and almost sole companions of worth, of genius, and of talents. This has been the case from the remotest period of antiquity down to the present time, and whether or not it be imputed to envy, malice, or inhumanity, is no less true. This depression of genius has occasioned many a bud which might otherwise have expanded its full blown beauties to the light of day, to be nipped by the frost of morning, and perish for want of shelter. We have seen worth languish and pine in misery and misfortune, even during those enlightened ages which have scarce glided away. The life of the poet has been by the moderns more peculiarly stamped with an ungenerous treatment, than that of any other literary character. Should we trace the historic page, we shall see the ancients almost adoring the bard, as the child of heaven, and the tuneful Ovid alone, to the disgrace of Augustus, persecuted, oppressed and miserable. Leaving however antiquity, let us peruse the black register of modern ingratitude and cruelty; here humanity sickens and turns with horror from the view; a Cervantes, and a Vega, an Otway, and a Savage, with many others whose names it would be useless here to mention, claim

the first stations in merit and in sufferings ;—to enlarge this list yet more, we are compelled by disagreeable necessity to add the name of DERMODY. This wonderful and surprising youth, whose juvenile labours have entitled him to equal laurels with Crichton, and Mirandola, those literary prodigies who have adorned mankind, was, from his infancy, nursed in the lap of adversity, and rocked in the cradle of misery. At a very tender age we behold him exposed to all the seductions of the world, in the very metropolis of Ireland, without a friend to direct, without a counsellor to advise him ; yet even this situation joined with the meanness of his birth, would not secrete his merits from the world : the activity of his genius towered above misfortune, and the little suppliant who was compelled from door to door, to ask a shelter from the inclemency of the weather, not unfrequently gained admission by the recital of some pleasing and interesting ballad composed by nature's darling child. When a few years had thus passed, we behold him often in the depth of distress, reposing in a garret, where the celestial vault was his only canopy. Persecuted and oppressed, his generous soul was unable to support the weight of his sufferings ; like Savage he wandered nights and days in the streets, frequently stretching his wearied limbs upon the hard pavements, with nothing for a pillow but some neighbouring step-stone, whose coldness

could only be equalled by the frigid hearts of the inhabitants. Unhappy boy ! where was then the boasted humanity of men ? where were the social virtues of civilized society ? alas ! the savage could not be more barbarous, the prowling Indian would have taken thee by the hand and led thee to his humble cabin ; they were not men, they were tygers ; they were not civilized, they were barbarians !—O civilization these are thy merits, these thy glorious honours. Chagrined at length at the ingratitude of his native country, he resolved to seek a refuge in a sister nation, and accordingly repaired to England, in whose gay and flourishing metropolis, the unhappy Dermody expected to find an end to his sufferings ; here he hoped to behold merit rewarded, and genius unshackled by want and adversity ; to soar upon the wings of applause and deserved honour. He was however, a stranger here, and remained sometime without a patron, and without a name ; compelled to the same necessities which he had endured in Dublin, he sunk under the oppressing weight. But I forbear—no pen can describe his sufferings and do justice to his merits. We behold him cut off in the morning of his days, affording a melancholy example of the cruelty and inhumanity of man.

“ Such did he fall, in meagre want forlorn ;

“ Where were you then, ye powerful patrons, where ?

"Would you the purple should your limbs adorn ?

"Go wash the conscious blemish with a tear."

Let no one therefore condemn him too precipitately on account of those improprieties upon which rigid virtue must frown ; for who exposed as he was to the vices and errors of the world, could have remained long uncontaminated ?—let every one therefore who is inclined to censure, place himself in the situation of the unfortunate Dermody, and see whose actions would be most consistent with the principles of rectitude and morality ; let him with candour view his conduct when at the infant age of nine or ten years, let him see the little dispenser of true and christian charity enter the cottage of distress and poverty, and give his last small pittance to objects, who, like himself, needed the fostering hand of plenty. Let him behold the actions of the weak Austin, alas ! for the benefit of mankind too susceptible of mean and ungenerous revenge, then let him lay his hand upon his heart and ask himself, would I have acted differently ? Were there not qualities in Dermody which will demand at least self approbation ? This unhappy youth committed improprieties, it is, true, but he was never guilty of a wilful crime. Generous in the extreme, he often gave his last shilling to a pretended friend ; unsuspecting, he conceived every companion to be a friend, and every supposed friend true

and faithful ; possessing a mind warmed by the purest sympathy, he would often dispense with the necessities of life to afford a temporary blessing to a distressed fellow creature ; a true philanthropist, he felt for every one but himself ; careless of his own destiny, yet ever open to the softest feelings of pity ; in compassion he could warmly commiserate a fellow mortal in distress ; and ever alive to the calls of humanity, whenever the means were in his power, his hand ever seconded what his generous bosom prompted ; unaccustomed to deceit, he could not disguise his feelings, this betrayed him into a freedom of expressing his sentiments—this freedom was his error. Let us not then condemn him for the foibles of youth ; the truly philanthropic mind will pass them slightly over, for they are lost in the number of his virtues. He is gone for ever—his merit still exists—his fame survives—let his errors rest upon him in the silent tomb.

ARATUS.

Princeton, Aug. 1808.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

MR. EDITOR,

I perceive by your last miscellany that I have been attacked by a gentleman of great learning and fury, who having with wonderful sagacity discovered that I charge all students about leaving college

with incapacity to write their commencement orations, takes occasion to bestow on me the epithets of "literary quack," "ignorant animal," and to accuse me of "stupidity, frothiness," and "pomposity," by all which I have been very much displeased, and indeed, in some degree, terrified.

This *amiable youth* gives us in substance to understand that young men about leaving college, to his own knowledge, *generally* write their own pieces with *elegant facility*. "Well said, leatherhead," or as it may be rendered for his edification in latin, "wellum saidum leatherheadio." That the candidates for the diploma should *generally* write their own pieces is nothing astonishing, but that such inexperienced composuists should *generally* write them with "elegant facility," is certainly a "bouncer." But they do, says doctor Bono, *to my own knowledge*. Nay our infuriated compositioner has the daring effrontery to assert that they can even excel Tim Eruditio: Now contrarywise, I vehemently contend that I am the best writer in this country, (to go no further) and beg leave to inform the public that there is not the least doubt of it; and, also, that I intend to sue my accuser for his defamation, vilification, and obnubilation of my character. Again proceeds the learned and savoury saying doctor Bono, (who is a great latin scholar as most conclusively appears from the quotation wherewith he has cap-

ped his sprightly essay, and from his signature) I will concur with him, that is to say, with the witty and nefarious Timothy Eruditio, in his recommendation of himself to all "sweep masters, bottle washers," &c. Now we the aforesaid Tim never promised to serve such folk, and Bono publico deserves to be bastinadoed and thump-adoed for saying so; but if the gentleman wishes to have drawn the character of some of his *particular friends*, peradventure we may be prevailed on to accomodate him. As for penning compositions for the higher ranks of life, he *really thinks* I cannot aspire to such an "enviable occupation." No, clearly not. Then after all, as Dean Swift says, (this is an exceeding good logician, reader,) he will thank me for a theme on modesty, a subject on which he stands sufficiently in need of information.—Well then, modesty is that kind of thing which is by no means impudence, but is that as when we say, a man has a modest way with him. That's all.

TIMOTHY ERUDITIO.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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DEAN SWIFT.

The peculiarities of Swift, in regard to domestic concerns, are the

more remarkable, because they lessen his dignity as a man of letters.

As he expected punctual, ready, and implicit obedience, he always tried his servants when he hired them, by some test of their humility. Among other questions, he always asked whether they understood cleaning shoes; because, said he, my kitchen-wench has a scullion that does her drudgery, and one part of the business of my groom and footman, is constantly to clean her shoes by turns. If they scruple this, the treaty was at an end; if not, he gave them a farther hearing.

His kitchen-wench, however, was his cook; a woman of a large size, robust constitution, and coarse features, whose face was very much seamed with the small-pox, and furrowed by age. This woman he always distinguished by the name of Sweetheart.

It happened, one day, that Sweetheart greatly overroasted the only joint he had for dinner; upon which he sent for her up, and, with great coolness and gravity.—“Sweetheart,” says he, “take this down into the kitchen, and do it less.” She replied, “that was impossible.” “Pray, then,” said he, “if you had roasted it too little, could you have done it more?” “Yes,” she said, “she could easily have done that.”—“Why, then, Sweetheart,” replied the Dean,

“let me advise you, if you must commit a fault, commit a fault that can be mended.”

FASHIONABLE friends are every day to be met with, but they are like flies that crowd round a honey pot, only to rob it of its sweets.—Such friends are generally found to resemble Swallows, who visit us in the spring to enjoy the approaching warmth of summer, and quit us soon as the winter commences.

— ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHY.

ZENO—A stoic philosopher, and founder of the sect of stoics, so called from his opening a school in the portico of Stoa, in Athens. He was born at Citum in the Isle of Cyprus; but being driven by a storm on the coast of Africa, he took up his residence there, and taught philosophy and logic: he was indeed the first person who brought logic to perfection. His disciples, it is said, maintained the right of self-murder—and his servant being told that the plea of *fate* would exculpate him from any crime he should commit, exclaimed to Zeno, as he was beating him for theft, “it is my fate to be a thief.” “Yes sirah,” replied his master, and it is also your fate to be drubbed for it.”

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By the unhappy excesses of irregular pleasures in youth, how many amiable dispositions are cor-

rupted or destroyed! How many flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguished? Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning, which arose so bright, overcast with such untimely darkness; that good-humor, which once captivated all hearts, that vivacity which sparkled in every company, those abilities which were fitted for adorning the highest stations, all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality; and one who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his course; or sunk for the whole of it into insignificance and contempt? These, O sinful pleasure, are thy trophies! It is thus that, co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degrades human honour and blatest the opening prospects of human felicity!

FROM THE SKETCHES OF
NATURE.

When the arm of some tender wife, pillows the head of a faithful husband—when she wipes from his brow the cold dew of dissolving nature; when the eye meets eye, and in mute eloquence announces the throbbings of an agonizing heart!—then it is that this *Victor of the world* surrounds us with a scene that humanity wants fortitude to sustain.

A man says Montesquieu, with

infinite discernment, is never to be totally given up till he keeps bad company. A man may occasionally be guilty of a vice or folly, and there is an end; it does not seem to penetrate his soul, or sink into his bosom; it is transitory, not habitual.

Every man is a fool where he hath not considered of thought.

ALPHONSO, KING OF ARRAGON.

It was a saying of Alphonso, surnamed the Wise, King of Arragon; that among so many things as are possessed by men, or sought after during the course of their lives, all the rest are baubles, except, old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and old books to read.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

False importance in behaviour, is like the false sublime in oratory: Where merit is wanting, what little arts are used to captivate esteem! Thus, one who was a great dealer in secrets, used to whisper the time of the day.

The clown, in Shakespear's Twelfth night, says, he is the worse for his friends, because they praise him, and make an ass of him; but his foes tell him plainly he is an ass. So that by his foes he profits in the knowledge of himself, and by his friends he is abused.

CONSTANCY.

ARANTHES was son to the Governor of one of the Mediterranean islands, and favored with all the advantages of nature, fortune and education. Aspasia was a Greek lady, beautiful beyond expression, and admired by all the youth of Athens, which was then the place of concourse for all the public of the Roman empire.

Their mutual merit soon produced a mutual esteem; and this was, after some time, converted into the most ardent passion.—They both indulged the hopes of being happy in each other for life, when Arantes, returning home to obtain his father's consent, was taken by a pirate, sold into the internal parts of Africa, and there condemned to toil with the most unremitted severity.

In the mean time Aspasia felt all that love and impatience could inspire; one year passed away without hearing any news from her lover; another came but still the same silence—at length an account arrived that Arantes was no more, so that Aspasia now lost her love in desperation.

Time, that obliterates every passion by degrees, assuaged the pain which was felt by Aspasia: she was at last brought to listen to new addresses, and so far prevailed upon by the admonitions of her parents, that she consented to go to France with an old merchant,

who designed her for his son, then in Africa, trading with the natives of that barbarous region.—Her voyage was successful, and if her refined manners charmed the old man, the son, who soon after returned, was not less enchanted.

A day was fixed for their nuptials, and as he was the most opulent man of the country, all the inhabitants came successively to offer their congratulations, and in order to add still greater splendor to the solemnity, the young merchant, who was to be bridegroom, made her a present of fifty slaves, who were at that time just landed, and within half a day's journey to attend her.

As the presence of such a number of slaves, it was thought, would add to the magnificence of the entertainment, they were led up to the merchant's palace loaded with merchandize, as was then the custom, and bending beneath their sorrows and fatigue. Aspasia felt all that humanity can inspire upon the sight of such distress, while they passed on successively before her. But what could equal her emotions, when among the hindmost of these unhappy wretches, she beheld her own Arantes, emaciated with labor and affliction, and with his eyes unalterably fixed upon the ground. She gave a loud convulsive shriek, and fell senseless into the arms of her attendants. As her situation naturally drew the eyes of all upon her, Arantes saw once again the dear

object of his earliest passion, and flew with haste to her assistance. Their story and his misfortunes were soon made known to the company, and the young merchant, with peculiar generosity, resigned his mistress to the more early claim of Arantes.

Enigmatical list of Lawyers (Bachelors) in this city.

1 Three fourths of an assembly, a numerical letter, and a liquor omitting a letter.

2 Two thirds of a river, and a moveable bit of wood.

3 The position of an army, and a village adding a letter and omitting one.

4 A fence omitting a letter, and three eights of a dwarf.

5 Four sixths of stiffness, and an article sometimes used in washing.

6 A statute transposed, and four fifths of a lazy insect.

7 Three sixths of peevishness, and a revival from death.

8 Three fourths of a mixture, and a part of swine.

9 A fastening, and to court adding a letter.

10 A small fish.

11 Three fourths of a weathercock, and to ensnare.

12 An herb.

13 The name of a tyrant, and a male child.

14. Four sixths of a fish, a personal pronoun, and three sixths of a goose.

15 An industrious insect, and three fifths of a sweet name.

16 Three fourths of a marriage publication, a numerical letter and a tumor.

17 Two thirds of what Adam was deprived of, and three eights of a covering.

18 Three fifths of Lott's father, three fourths of a venture, and a boy.

19 Powerful.

20 A maintenance, and a hard mineral

AMANTHIS.

New-York, August, 1808.

A FRAGMENT

***** In the sheltering grave, the woefraught heart will be at ease: the clouds of anguish which darken life's short day pervade not that still retreat. The poisonous breath of calumny, and the envenomed tong of envy, here loose their corroding influence.— The sympathetic mind, agonized by distress, and unable to support the storms of ill-fortune, sinks calmly into the embrace of death, into the placid enjoyment of uninterrupted tranquility. Oppressed virtue finds a secure asylum from overbearing greatness; and the upbraiding charity of proud opulence is no longer painful to its object. The distinctions in society, which consign merit to oblivion, and raise the worthless from the dust, are here forgotten. Unfeeling pride is disrobed of its splendid covering, and the gorgeous mantle is torn from the shoulders of

the undeserving. Humble worth ceases to kneel suppliant at the feet of affluence, and the lorn offspring of poverty falls to entreat from avarice the sunted boon.—The victim of malevolence, who essays in vain, to parry the thrusts of unmerited obloquy, glad that in death the dagger of contumely wounds not, welcomes with joyous aspect the closing period.

Modesty improves the beauty of the slave, while it discovers that of the mind.

A person who wishes to receive instruction by reading, ought to make it an inviolable rule to understand all he reads.

Answer to the Rebus in our last number.

Of this mighty globe surely Europe's
the quarter,
Mud is a name given to foul stagnate
water,

Bruce is an honour to Materia Medica,
Take your choice of America, Asia or
Africa ;

A rose without doubt is the sweetest of
flowers,

God rules o'er the elements, numbers
our hours,

And an Oval's not square by demon-
strative powers.

Thus joining the initials, as Julia re-
quested, •

Embargo's the measure by most folks
detested.

Then wishing to hear soon from Julia
again,

May never embargo be laid on her pen.

Ollapod.

FOPPERY in dress is by no means a sure mark of either effeminacy or cowardice ; and those who presume upon such appearances, like all who judge *from externals*, may be greatly mistaken. The late Sir Alexander Schomberg, many years commander of the king's yatch, the Dorset, was during the whole of a long life, a very great beau. When a young man, he was walking down a fashionable street in London, and having pulled out his pocket-handkerchief, which was highly perfumed, he observed himself sneered at by a couple of *puppies*, who concluded that an officer so essenced was a *safe* object of their ridicule, and continued to follow him. Sir Alexander at length reached his lodging, and having knocked at the door, he called to one of the gentry, and addressed him, " Sir, I perceive you have been mightily taken with the perfume of my handkerchief, and (taking it with his left hand) I request you to be so kind as to smell it closer," at the same seizing his nose and wringing it handsomely, he flogged with his cane as long as it was necessary, concluding his exercise by informing him, he was Captain Schomberg, of the Royal Navy, *at his service*. Nothing further, however, was heard of the *gemman* :—and as to the other, he had, *in character*, sneaked off in the beginning.

I have often been in company with the gallant Captain Faulkner

(who was killed in the celebrated action between the Blanche and la Pique) dressed in an entire suit of tabinet uniform. There was no braver man, with every appearance of a fop.

—
Character of Merchants.

THERE is not, in the whole circle of society, a class of men more eminently useful than that of the Merchants. Their active industry supplies subsistence and provisions for a whole country, and their efforts animate the industry of the manufacturer and the artist. In general, we may observe that they become rich with the encreasing wealth and comfort of the community; their credit rests upon a reputation of probity and fair dealing, and their profits are in proportion to the risks which they may encounter. They cannot augment their fortunes without exposing them, and augmenting at the same time the fortunes of the public; and their profession and their talents are in estimation wherever any portion of good sense is to be found. They have been uniformly encouraged in every country where there ever has existed any shadow of a reasonable and legitimate government; and they are naturally the friends and supporters of liberty and law, because, without liberty and law, no commerce can be expected to flourish, or even to exist. Within the period of the last century, they had been gradually rising into importance and general estimation; they

had even secured the suffrages of the learned, and of the enlightened patrons of freedom and public happiness, and philosophy had numbered them among the most steady benefactors of the human race.

—

The Roman Emperor Caligula took delight in being thought a man void of all shame and modesty, and would say there was nothing in his nature that he was so proud of, as his being shameless, and that he only valued himself for being arrived at such a height of impudence, that without any check or control from the rules of conscience or modesty, he could commit any kind of wickedness.

—
ON INDOLENCE.

IF industry is no more than a habit, it is, at least an excellent one. "If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No: I shall say *Indolence*. Who conquers indolence, will conquer all the rest." Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.

—
BEN JONSON

Was compelled by poverty to leave Cambridge, after having entered at St. John's, and was obliged, for subsistence, to have recourse to manual labor. His mother had married a bricklayer, and with him he assisted in building Lincoln's Inn, where, though he had a trow-

el in his hand, he had always a book in his pocket.

Books, while they teach us to respect the interests of others, often make us unmindful of our own; while they instruct the youthful reader to grasp at social happiness, he grows miserable in detail, and, attentive to universal harmony, often forgets that he himself has a part to sustain in the concert.

A beggar had been for a long time besieging an old, testy, limping gentleman, who refusing his mite with great irritability; upon which the mendicant said, "Ah, please your honor's honor, I wish God had made your heart as tender as your toes."

THERE is hardly a man, whatever may be his circumstances and situation in life, but if you get his confidence, will tell you, that he is not happy. It is, however, certain, all men are not unhappy in the same degree; tho', by these accounts, we might almost be tempted to think so. Is not this to be accounted for, by supposing, that all men measure the happiness they possess, by the happiness they desire, or think they deserve?

TO A FAVORITE LADY.

I prithee give me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if with yours you will not part,
Pray why should you have mine.

Stay—now I think on't—let it lie;
To take it home were vain;
For you've a thief in each sweet eye,
Would steal it back again!

COMMUNICATION.

A truly original and eccentric work, entitled, "*The Cutter*," has just issued from Longworth's press: It contains five lectures, upon the art and practice of cutting friends, acquaintance, and relations. This satirical performance contains so many precepts on a subject of such peculiar importance to the world in general, and to the inhabitants of New-York in particular, that we are fully convinced it will at least in this city prove an acceptable offering to every lover of chaste humor, polished wit, and poignant satire. They who are ignorant of this fashionable art, may here be initiated into all its sublime mysteries. And even those who are tolerable adepts in it (with a little study from so great a master) may acquire some new ideas which will be of essential service to them in their intercourse with the great and little world.

T. S.

N B. It is extremely fortunate that the inhabitants of New-York, at this period, have it so fully in their power to be instructed in the difficult art of "*CUTTING DUNS*."

Our city Inspector reports the death of 42 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Deaths in Philadelphia, during the last week—viz. adults 26, children 30—Total 56.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. AARON O. KING, merchant, to Miss SUSAN ASHFIELD, all of this city.

DIED,

On Monday evening, Mr. James Hurly, of a dropsy.

On Sunday afternoon, after a short illness, Miss ELIZA BAYARD VAN RENSSSELAER, daughter of Col. John I. Van Rensselaer, of Greenbush, Albany.



STANZAS.

By Moore.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully
curl'd

Above the green elms, that a cottage
was near ;

And I said if there's peace to be found
in the world,

A heart that was humble might hope
for it here !"

It was noon, and on flowers that lan-
guished around,

In silence reposed the voluptuous bee ;
Every leaf was at rest and I heard not
a sound,

But the wood pecker tapping the hollow
beach tree.

And "here is this lone little wood," I
exclaim'd,

"With a maid that was lovely to soul
and to eye,

Who would blush when I prais'd her,
and weep when I blam'd,

How blest could I live, and how calm
could I die.

By the shade of yon sumack, whose red
berry dips

In the gush of the fountain, how sweet
to recline,

And to know that I sigh'd upon inno-
cent lips,

Which had never been sigh'd on by
any but mine."

LINES,

Adapted to the Air of

'As pensive I thought of my love.'

As twilight grew pale in the west,
I pensively watch'd its decline ;
I thought on the friend I lov'd best,
And wish'd that his virtues were mine.

While fancy delighted to dwell
On scenes that to memory were dear,
I knew not, alas ! that they fell,
Till I felt on my bosom a tear.

A dusky shade stole o'er the scene ;
The landscape was hid from my view ;
Its vernal and beautiful green
Was wrapp'd in dun evening's hue.

The moon her faint crescent display'd,
Yet visible scarce to the eye ;
It seem'd to my fancy it said—
"So brief are thy moments of joy."

And few are the joys I require,
And few are the wishes that rise ;
Yet I own I do fondly desire
The respect of the good and the wise.

Oh, grant me kind heaven but this,
I would not to many be known ;
And to fill up the measure of bliss,
I ask the esteem of but one.

L. P.

EPITAPH ON MR. —

A marvellous and long story teller.

LIE long on him good earth, for he
Lied long enough, heaven knows, on
thee.

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